

CASSANDRA:

OR, THE

Virgin Prophetess.

A N

OPERA,

As it is now Perform'd at the

Theatre Royal

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

THE

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

BEING

Inserted in their Proper Places.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. Roper at the Black Boy, and R. Basset at
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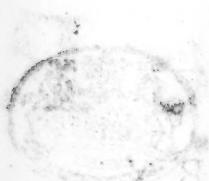
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ARGIAEAD

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1. *Amphibius*



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Self-portrait

Section

1000 ft. above sea level.

PROLOGUE

This costly Play bears its proud Head so high,
As if your Smiles it wou'd not beg, but buy.
Yes, to your Smiles it some small Claim might lay,
Did not the Author's Clouds hang o'er the Play.
Either in Church, or State, the Robe or Gown,
The Elder the Learn'd Head, the more Renown.
The Muses Morning only Shines and Warms :
Wit Reigns like Beauty ; 'tis when Young it Charms.
Some darling Muse at her first Glorious start
All Love for Love intirely wins your Heart.
Stale Scribblers, like stale Maids, few Suiters follow :
No Oracles of Wit, but from the Young Apollo.
Why have your Pallates so Fantastick been ;
Wisdom, when Ripe you relish ; Wit when green.
Mistaken World, who in the Muses Field,
Think the Spring only can the Roses yield.
Wits Autumn still the lovely Sweets can bear :
Dotage is all the Winter Season there.
Love, Honour, Glory, from those mighty Themes,
Even th' Elder Bard feels all th' inspiring Beams.
With Nerves unshinking, and without a Blush
May warmly Write the Fights he cannot push.
Our Author hopes he has not outliv'd the Age,
Ev'n yet to please the Fair—upon a Stage..

Actors.

Actors Names.

Grecians.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| King <i>Menelaus</i> | Mr. Mills. |
| <i>Ulysses</i> | Capt. Griffin. |
| <i>Phorbas</i> | Mr. Smith. |
| <i>Neoptolemus</i> | Mr. Sympson. |

Trojans.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| <i>Paris</i> | Mr. Wilks. |
| <i>Ajax</i> , a Youth, Son to <i>Hector</i> | S — Carnaby. |
| <i>Accestes</i> a Servant to <i>Cassandra</i> | Mr. Toms |

Women.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Queen <i>Helen</i> | Mrs. Oldfield. |
| <i>Cassandra</i> | Mrs. Rogers. |
| <i>Selena</i> her Women | Mrs. Baker. |

THE

THE
Virgin Prophetess.

A C T I.

SCENE the Grecian Camp, at Tenedos.

Enter Menelaus, Ulysses, Neoptolemus; Guards and Attendants.

Men. Now by my Arms, to yet behold yon' Pile
Of Troy's unshaken Tow'rs, gives me to doubt
What's Right or Wrong. Nay, ev'n th' abetting Gods
Take different Sides. The very Cause of Troy,
An Impious Rape, and violated Bed,
Have Champions arm'd in their Defence above.
Why is this don? If there be Wrong, or Right,
Why are there Pow'rs, that bar the Grecian Vengeance;
And Shield the Head of Troy's Adultrous Paris?

Ulyss. We search in vain the Cause of Heavn's Decrees;
All's not unjust we cannot Reconcile.
Sometimes the prosp'rous Wickedness of Men
Is but the unseen Policy of Heavn.
Should Divine Vengeance
Strike with an Universal Sword of Justice,
The Race of Men would Perish, Natures tott'ring
Foundation sink, and the World end too soon.

Men. Well, if the Great Dispensers of our Fate,
For Reasons of their own, can unconcern'dly stand,
Those cold and feeble Champions of my Cause;
Yet I my self am Guardian of my Honour:
And to my Soul can say,
I have not tamely born my Blazing Injuries:
Not like the common Herd of Drowsy Husbands

B

Slept

(2)

Slept oe'r my Wrongs, and Wink'd at pointing Infamy?
No, tis' my Pride that I have Drawn the Swords
Of more then half the World, *Asia* and *Europe* ;
Push't a long ten Years War ; a Noble Vengeance,
And only by th' opposing Gods defeated,
I thank my Starrs, (if I have Starrs to thank)
It is my Glory still, However little
I have receiv'd I have deserv'd from Heaven.

Ulyss. If such Desert
Has those few Friends above, seek not their friendship :
Carve Your own Vengeance, make the nobler Work
Of Glory all Your own.

Neop. Ay Sir, Do That,
And fix your Fame immortal. Nor let ten,
Ten long—ten short Years fruitless Labour lost
Make your Cause droop ; Revenge like Yours, is worth
An untit'd Ages Patience.

Ulyss. Far from Ages :
A Few short Days, now Seal the Fate of *Troy*.
And that unfinish'd Work, where fighting Heroes
Against Stone-walls, Iron-Gates, and Brazen-Tow'rs
Have only Dash't out their unthinking Brains,
This deeper Head shall end ; Tis' your *Ulysses*,
His Conqu'ring Arm of War, wise Art and Stratagem,
Must crown that Work, which Force in vain has toyl'd for.
So far already have my Counsels prosper'd :
This feign'd Retreat from their abandon'd Walls
Has hush'd the Fears of *Troy*.

Neop. Lull'd to a Lethargy,
All drown'd in Ryot, and supine Security.
Nor can the Voice of Oracles, their Great
Cassandra wake 'em. Th' unbelieving *Troy*
Deaf to the Cryes of her inspir'd Divinity,
Views Your false Flight as an entire Defeat
Of all Your sinking Hopes, till their whole Streets
Ring with one Voice of Universal Triumph.

Ulyss. Ay ! that's the Voice I want. Now moves the Engine
Of *Troy*'s Destruction safe ; that Glorious Pile of Mischief,
In whose dark Womb lies the Arm'd Fate of *Troy*.
There where an Ages Labour has been Lost,
Where Kings, and Heroes, crown'd and laurell'd Heads,
With all their Ayding Legions have been Baffled ;
When I resolve, a Toy, a Wooden-Horse,

A Puppet shall destroy, and lay pround ~~Hannibal~~
Heap'd in one Funeral Pile.

Neop. Already, Sir,
The Trojan's crow'd to see th' amazing Pageant.

Ulyss. Let 'em gaze on—Oh ! I have the rarest Manager
To move this Great Machine ; a shining Villain;
A burnish't Front of Brass ! He has a Tongue
That can out fawn a hungry Parasite, cringing
For a Court-Office ; He'll outly Hypocrisy ;
Out-swear a Harlot when she vows Fidelity.
Then he'll out-weep (Ay there's his Master-peice !)
A young expectant Widow at her old
Departing Usurers Death-bed-side, just sealing her
His sole Executrix.

King. Nay, hold, *Ulysses.*
It looks a little ominous to my Cause
T'have this Black Hand its Champion. Is a Villain,
And such a Villain, think'st thou, a fit Instrument
To consummate my Finishing stroke of Justice ;
And right the Wrongs of King's ?

Ulyss. Ay ! nothing like him.
His Villany ! 'Tis that which Recommends him ;
Makes him a Tool for Service.—Mark by that
Distinguishing Desert, the Royal Engine
For blazing *Troy*'s Destruction—Villany !
'Tis the Essential Compound of his Glory.
A Branded Thief sett's up an honest Hangman.
States cannot Live without em' ; Empire wants em' !
Nature makes nought in Vain. Vipers and Toads
Have their Internal Virtues. Balms and Medicines
Are drawn from Druggs and Poisons.

Enter Phorbas.

King. Honest *Phorbas.*
I sent thee Spy to *Troy* ; and thou Return'st
With transport in thy Looks—say, what Discovery !

Phorb. All Sir, Your Hopes can wish.

King. Give it a Tongue
And bless me with the Sound.

Phorb. By my false Face of Friendship
I joyn'd the gaping Fools, that all amaz'd
On the tall Oaken-sided Monster gaz'd.
Beneath the Wooden Prodigy appears

(4)

Your *Sinon*, bound in Chains, and bath'd in Tears,
Whil'st this sad Object their Compassion Draws,
And their kind Pity asks the mournful Cause ;
He told that Story of his barbarous Bands
Tyed by the Tyrant *Greeks* inhumane Hands,
In those sad Accents, every piteous sound.
So softly tun'd, and his wet Eyes so Drown'd :
He look'd and talk'd, the Tale so told, so felt,
Till scarce their Hearts less than his Eyes cou'd melt.
Oh 'tis a Glorious Villain !

Ulyss. Spare his Titles,
And let his Glory speak it self.

Phor. The Tale so told, was worth a Monarch's Ear,
To Priam then the tatter'd Slave they bear ;
Here which that honest Face (to gild the Hook,
That now must catch a King) that innocent Look ;
(Truth nearer to the Life no Art cou'd draw,) He told 'em, how that wondrous Pile they saw ;
Not only built by the Divine Commands,
But ev'n the Work of the Celestial Hands,
The pledge of an Eternal Peace design'd,
By the Retiring *Greeks* was left behind ;
No more the *Trojan* Foes, their Swords all sheath'd
All calm the Air, and nought but Friendship breath'd
In short, True *Sinon* all, he talk'd so well,
Till each false sound breath'd forth an Oracle :
Not the Crowd only, but Crown'd Heads deceiv'd,
Courts, Councils, *Politicians*, all believ'd.
Oh Faith ; Strong Faith ; what Captives dost thou win,
When Statesmen are not Wits, and Kings but Men !

Ulyss. Now where's the Hand too black to right a King ?

Phor. 'Twas then resolv'd, with all the Songs of Joy,
To have it drawn within the Gates of *Troy* ;
Without one Jealous Pang ; not the least Fears,
Of the Arm'd Iron Entrayls that it bears.
But th' humble Arches of the City Gate,
Too low for Pageants of that Mountain Height ;
Their headlong Frenzy a new Consult calls,
Resolv'd they'll give it Entrance thro' the Walls.

Ulyss. Now Fate begins to work.

Phor. Here, Cords, Wheels, Engines,
All that Strength, Wit, or Art cou'd e're design,
Were strait prepar'd to move the vast Machine,
And, There, whole Browds their thousand Hands employ,

With

With more Destruction Tear the Walls of Troy,
Then all your ten Years Batt'ring Rains! They make,
The Nerves of Flint and Veins of Marble shake.
Already they have made a Breach so wide.

Ulyss. To let in their Confusion.

King. Yes, *Ulysses,*
Now dawns the Morning of my Rising Glory.
Revenge, now Great Revenge, guide my keen Sword
To the Adultrous *Helen's* canker'd Heart:
And, oh, 'twill give me more divine Delight,
Then all the Raptures of her Bridal Night:
Let puny whining Husbands, sigh and pine,
For a Revolted Infidel;
Fond Fools, that only give themselves a Pain,
At what th'Adulteress giveth her self a Pleasure,
Mistaken Dotage all — The Generous Soul
When a fair falling Star drops from his Arms,
Puts out Loves Fire, and with new Raptures warms,
Such dear Revenge, are, thy Exalted Charms.
In those dissolving Sweets his Soul expires,
The no less Glorious nor less fragrant Fires;
Her Heart before did my fond Transports raise;
But now her Hearts last Drop can only please,
Thus true or false, the *Syren* or the Saint
Oh, Beauty; Beauty! Thou canst Charm so well;
Thou givest us Joys both in thy Heaven and Hell.

{Exeunt.

The Curtain draws, and discovers the Town of Troy, with a Magnificent Chariot twenty Foot high, drawn by two White Elephants, placed in the Depth of the Prospect, between two Triumphal Columns; the one bearing the Statue of Pallas, and the other of Diana, and fronting the Audience. In the Chariot are seated Paris and Helen; In the two front Entryes on each side of the Stage, advanced before the side Wings, are four more White Elephants, bearing, each a Castle on their Backs, with a Rich Canopy over each Castle, and in each three Women; on the necks of all the Elephants a Negro Guide. Each of these Paintings Twenty two Foot high.

Par. Now Troy's invincible: Yes, my Fair Helen,
The Coward Greeks are fled,
And leave me Lord of Thee: Nor are those Eyes,

Lies.

Less worth then the whole ten Years Blood they cost,
I would not buy thee Chasper. Oh! the Pleasure, and the pain
That I have put the World in Arms, and drawn
The angry Gods to Battle;
Made Heav'n and Earth, both Glitter in thy Cause:
With such attracting Pow'r Bright Beauty draws;
But now when the tir'd Worlds long Discords cease,
Tune all your Trumps of War, to Songs of Peace.

Here enters a Procession of Men-Singers, ranging on each side the Stage, and joining in Consort with the Women on the Castles.

The Vocal Musick.

War, War, and BATTLE, rage no more;
The Gods have giv'n their Vengeance o'er.
Paris is now Heav'n's darling Boy;
Whilst smiling Peace, and baleyon Joy,
All brood around the Walls of Troy.
The Gods by this a proof have giv'n,
That Love's the Care of Heav'n:
Love, Love's, the Care of Heav'n.
Then drive my Chariot, drive me round,
And let the loud tongu'd Trumpets sound.
The Earth, the Air, yet louder still,
With Io, Io Paeans fill.
Crack, crack your brazen Throats asunder,
So loud till lift'ning Worlds shall wonder,
And Jove, Almighty Jove, shall echo back in Thunder.

Paris and Helen descend, and advance to the Stage.

Hel. Oh my lov'd Paris! These soft Airs of Joy,
Wars rude Alarms shall now no more Destroy
Her Martial God let Love's soft Goddess greet,
In his rough Steel, the fierce Destroyer Meet.
In Flowry Garlands, and in flowing Gold,
Let these Embraces, my Dear Paris hold.
To meet My Eyes lay by thy Martial Charms,
And come the sweet Adonis to these Arms.

Par. Adonis I, thou more then Venus Reign.
Not the fair Queen of Love, on Ida's plain,
With half thy Beauties Shin'd.
Not the three Rival Goddesses, all joyn'd,

Stamp

Stamp'd in one Form Divine, cou'd match thy Lovely Mouth,
 'Twas this Fair Hand deserv'd the Bell of Gold.
 Thus doubly blest with such Triumphant Charms,
 Peace round my Gates, and Beauty in my Arms,
 Where *Hector* drag'd in Blood, I'll drive around,
 The Walls of *Troy* with Love and Laurel Crown'd.

A C T . II.

The SCENE a Pallace.

Enter Helen and Astianax.

"*Hel.* Why, what has *Paris* don to Thee, *Astianax*,
 " That He so far falls short of *Hector's* Virtue?
 "*Ast.* My Father *Hector* was a Greater Man,
 " Elder in Birth, in Courage, and in Virtue.
 " *Paris* may Fight, but cares not what's his Cause.
 " *Hel.* His Cause and *Hector's* Child, were both the same.
 "*Ast.* No, Madam, you are mistaken there; One was
 " The Base Defence of a most impious Rape:
 " I mean the Rape of *Menelaus*, not *Helen*:
 " His Love, his Honour ravish'd, not his Wife.
 " She found a way t'avoid that Insolence.
 "*Men* say,
 " He used but little Violence on You.
 "*Hel.* You are pleasant, my young Lord.
 "*Ast.* But not pleas'd, Madam.
 " I am old enough to know I should be angry.
 " I tell ye, *Paris* had a shameful Cause,
 " Base and dishonest, *Hector's*, Great and Glorious,
 " The just Defence of his Insulted King,
 " His Country, and his Friend. For Friends in Honour,
 " Ne'er ask, what is your Cause, or who's your Foe,
 " But where. So *Hector* Fought, and bravely dyed.
 " You were indeed,
 " The Cause he dyed, but not the Cause he Fought for.
Hel. This must be tutour'd all, *Cassandra's* Lesson.
Ast. Fair as you are, and form'd t'en flame Desire,
 I would not be my Wicked Uncle *Paris*,
 For all the Wealth of *Troy*, or Charms of *Helen*.
 "*Hel.* Your wicked Uncle! Eye! You shou'd not say such things.
 "*Ast.* You shou'd not do such things.

Hel.

Hel. Who taught you this !
 " Ast. Why ! she that made my Uncle impious, you !
 " Who taught me this ! A little teaching serves
 " To speak a Publick Truth. Who taught me ?
 " Hel. Your are too angry Child ! too bold.
 " Ast. Were I a Man you'd find me bolder still ;
 " For then I'de Punish, when I now but Chide.
 " Hel. My little Hero, thou begin'st too Early
 " So young an Enemy !
 " Ast. Were I a Prince in Pow'r as well as Birth,
 " I'de be your Friend, and shame you into Goodnes.
 " Hel. How now !
 " Ast. Nay ! Madam keep your angry Looks for those
 " Were born your Slaves, vile things that crouch beneath ye ;
 " Keep 'em for Paris when he checks your Pride.
 " I am borne a Prince, the Godlike Hectors Son,
 " Heir to his Soul, which never knew to fear
 " Or Man or Woman's Frown. He Scorn'd
 " Your Sexes shallow Arts, and so dare I.
 " Can thus walk by those mighty Killing Eyes
 " Regardless of your Frowns, or Smiles.

Enter Cassandra.

Hel. Cassandra here ! Nay then the Riddle's Plain :
 'Tis she's the Tu'rets to this Insolence.
 But I will so receive Her.—

Cass. Why turns the Royal Helen from my Sight.
 The lost Cassandra Prophecy's no more.
 No more of Ill's foreseen, and hateful to your Ears,
 I come to bring you Now — But if your Majesty.—

Hel. If you thought Majesty my Title, Madam,
 You wou'd have bred Your Pupil there to Manners.
 The Boy there has been Rude.

Ast. Boy ! still the Boy ! I tell thee, gay vain thing,
 This Boy whome thy tall Pride disdains, wears a
 Superior Soul to thine ; and dares be Honest.

Cass. No more young Prince, thy Passion drives too far ;
 And I shou'd chide thee now. A more sedate
 Behaviour suits a Prince : Do so no more.

" Ast. I see and do confess my folly now !
 " And if I durst wou'd ask her Royal Pardon.
 " Another time my Courage may assist me.

" Hel. The Meekness of this Boy confounds my Anger,
 " And makes me think I have deserv'd the Thoughts

[Exit.]

" Which

" Which came from his plain judging Innocence.
 " Nay she, *Cassandra* too, with such a Friendly Check
 " Reprov'd his Fault, that I have no Gall for her.

Cass. Oh *Helen* ! yet,

Give me one Moments gracious Hearing.
 Not the bright Christal Mirrour that reflects,
 The Early Roses of your Morning Smiles,
 Your Glasf shall look you fairer then I'll speak you.

Hel. You may be heard *Cassandra*.

Cass. Fair I confess you to Divine Perfection.
 At your Creation sure no less then all
 Th' Immortal Consult fate.

Hel. Nay now thou play'st the Flatterer.

Cass. No, Madam,
 How can I flatter when I only speak
 That Truth a whole Contesing World has prov'd ?
Helen the loveliest Flow'r in Natures Garden,
 Cropt from her Native Bed, at no less Price
 Than ten Years War, and Thousand Thousand Lives.
 Such th' high-priz'd Jem the Mourning *Grecian* lost,
 His ownjust Right, as fast as holy Vows,
 And plighted Souls could bind.—
 No vile State-Interest, no Tyranick Pow'r
 Of Prince or Parents tyed that sacred Knot :
 No blind Boys random Shot of loose Desire ;
 Here Love had Eyes, and weigh'd the Worth he chose.
 Before th' attesting God's
 The sacred solemn Vows were register'd in Heav'n.

Hel. Oh whither wou'd she drive !

Cass. You lov'd and were belov'd : not His alone,
 But your own Joys you Crown'd. Your Days, your Nights,
 Your every hour of chaste and lawful Love,
 Ran all with Sands of Gold. Your mingling Wishes fill'd,
 The Measure up till Love cou'd heap no more.

Hel. Oh Peace of Mind too well remember'd !

Cass. This was a Life indeed ! Think, Beauteous *Helen*,
 Had'st thou then laid those lovely Sweets in Dust,
 Died in the Bloom of Innocency and Beauty,
 How had thy fragrant Memory built o'er
 Thy chaste mourn'd Ashes such a Monument
 Where kneeling Virgins wou'd have wept and pray'd,
 Offer'd their Garlands and their Vows of Love:
 The pious Matrons too, with thankful Praise
 Had bless'd the Gods for their fair Sexes Glory.

What Honours, Altars, Temples, Pyramids,
Mankind had rais'd to such Immortal Virtue!

Hel. Oh my sick Heart!

Cass. All this, alas! far short of what remains,
The popular the empty Praise of Virtue;
But oh the bright Reward, the solid Bliss
The evercircling Joys above, that had
In Truths fair Race adorn'd thy radiant Brows!
Not Cassiopea's Chair nor Ariadne's Crown
Had matcht the Beauteous Helen's starry Diadem.
How hadst thou shin'd in Heav'n! Oh Virtue, Virtue!
The Lights that Spangle o'er yon' Milky Way
Are all but Jems for thy Immortal Crowns.

Hil. Where will this end?

Cass. May some kind Guardian Pow'r in whispers tell thee,
Hadt his fair Masterpiece of their Creation
A Soul but half as Beauteous as her Eyes,
How hadst thou Reign'd above!
But, (oh fair falling Star!) is it not pity
That th' all-commanding loveliest Form on Earth
Shou'd want a Throne in Heav'n!

Hel. Hold, Charming Tyrant,
Stab my soft Peace no more; for, oh, I feel
The Coward in my Heart, and Woman in my Eyes!

Cass. She Weeps! Bless'd Heav'n, she Weeps! Oh the rich Worth
Of that soft falling Dew! There's not a Pearl,
Drops from those Eyes in this relenting Cause,
But bears a Price might Bribe th' Eternal Throne.
Cherish this melting Thought. Oh shake of all
Thy Earthly Load, and wing thy Beautious Soul
To bright Immortal Joys.

Enter Paris.

Par. What do I see!
My Weeping Love, my Clouded Heav'n in Tears!
What Impious Insolence, what profane Breath—

Hil. Alas! my Paris I have heard—

Par. That Schrech-Owle—

Yes, thou accurst Tormentor,
I read th' illnatur'd Triumph in thy Face.—
But, oh, my Mourning Fair—

Cass. Oh Helen! If the Voice of Truth has open'd
Thy Darken'd Eyes to the Fair Light of Heav'n,

Fly

Fly the Enchanter ; let the fatal Charm
Lull thee to thy fond sleep of Death no more.
Guard thy Immortal Treasure ! Fly ! Oh fly
That dangerous Thief would Rob thee of a Soul,
And steal thy Bless'd Eternity away.

Par. Oh ! thou Eternal Bar to all my Joys !
Do not provoke my too unmanly Vengeance
Take thy Face hence, and thank thy Sex thou liv'st

Cas. Bane to thy Country's Peace, adultrous Boy ;
Stain to thy Blood ; from thee, thou Fate of Troy,
Curs'd by thy very Mother ev'n Unborn,
When from her Womb she Dreamt the Firebrand torn,
Thy Blushing Sister takes her weeping Eyes,
Not from thy Threats, but from thy Shame she Flyes.

Hel. Oh Paris ! Why is Love the Joy of Life,
Yet not the Child of Peace !

Par. The Great Immortals
Made Love and it's Best Joys
Of their own Heav'ns a Copy drawn so Fair,
That th' envying World renew's the Gyant's War.
At its bright Throne their level'd Fury flies :
Thy Love my fair, their feeble Rage defies.
Down on thy scatter'd Foes my Vengeance hurl'd,
Arm'd in thy Cause, I'll stand the Rebel World.

[Exeunt.]

The Temple of Diana.

Within a Large Dome, are Erected five Pyramids, planted in a Cemicircle, each Pyramide Twenty two Foot high ; at the Bottom of each Pyramide is a Pedestal five Foot and a half High ; on each Pedestal stands a Figure (being so many young Women about 13 or 14 years of Age) dress'd in Cloth of Gold, representing Diana, Juno, Pallas, Ceres, and Thetis ; Diana as being the Goddess of the Temple, being the Front and Central Figure of the five. These figures (supposed Statues of Gold) are each of 'em dress'd properly, with their several Regalia of each Goddess, as Diana with a Bow in one hand and a Quiver in the other. Juno a Crown and Scepter. Pallas a Lance and Gorgonshield. Thetis a Trident and Anchor. Ceres a Sickle and Cornucopia. The Enrichments of each Pedestal and Pyramide being also composed of the Trophies, &c. of the respective Goddesses.

C 2

Enter

Enter a Procession of Priests and Priestesses of Diana. To them
Cassandra.

Cass. I tell ye, Priests, the Gods are not appeas'd:
In vain you come to pay your solemn Vows
At Great Diana's Shrine for Troy redeem'd.
How can th' Avenging Sword of Heav'n be sheath'd,
When th' Impious Cause that pull'd the Vengeance down,
Still unrepented Reigns?

Priest. We must not hear the Bounteous Gods profan'd:
If your relenting Heart can joyn our Sacrifice
T'were well; if not you must retire.

The Vocal Musick.

THOU Goddess all celestial bright,
Diana, Heav'n's fair Virgin Light;
Of all the Heav'ly Beauties, thine
The clearest Beams, the purest shine:
For, Oh, thou Chastity Divine,
There's spots in every Star but thine.
Thou Heav'n born Maid, yet greater still,
Who singly thy bright Orb to fill,
No sharer in thy Throne,
True Monarch reign'st alone.
See, round our Walls
What Tryumph calls?
Our Foes they fly;
Our Fears they die.
The kindest Powers
Of Heav'n, are ours,
Thou Guardian of the Trojan Tow'rs.
To thee these solemn Rites we pay,
The Laughing Joys of this great Day,
In Smiles we thank, when 'tis in Tears we pray.

" Cass. Now hear my Vows, and let Heav'n judge between us.
" Thou Great Diana whose pale borrow'd Beams,
" In absense of the Glorious Sun, afford,
" A Lesser Day till Day himself return;
" Oh now! so Guide us in this dark Condition,
" Inform our weak short-sighted Thoughts, if yet
" This doubtful Dawn of Peace suppos'd, be Peace
" Indeed: Or is it Night with Troy for ever!"

" If

" If Troy impregnable stands fixt and fore,
 " Let me be Dumb, and Prophecy no more.
 " But if the Will of Heav'n it's Doom decree,
 " And Heav'n has spoke that Will resolv'd by Me.
 " Let now some sudden Portent from above
 " Cassandra's Frenzy or your Vengeance prove.

Here it Thunders, and immediately in a Moment, all the Golden Statues of the Goddesses are chang'd from Head to Foot into Black.

Cass. Now unbelieving Trojans since your Ears
 Have been so deaf to all my Cries from Heav'n;
 Beleive the Gods themselves. Will their own Voice
 Of Thunder, and these dreadful Sights convince ye?

Priest What Sights!

Cass. Their very Statues all Transform'd
 In dismal Sable shrow'd their glorious Heads,
 And seem to Mourn the headlong Fate of *Troy*.

Priest Madam, 'twould ill become our Holy Function.
 T'insult what is not Yours, but Nature's Fault;
 This Profanation else won'd be enough
 To make those very Images, if possible,
 Blush thro' their burnisht Gold. In pity therefore:
 To your unhappy Frenzy we retire.

Cass. Nay! now 'tis plain;
 The louring Destinies and angry Gods
 Are only visible to these poor Eyes,
 And walk in Clouds to all the World beside.
 Why was I born to bear this painful Load,
 To know, foresee and speak your dreadful Will,
 With this hard Curse, onely to Preach your Oracles:
 To an unlist'ning World, Oh strike me ever Dumb?
 Or lend that World an Ear. And why, Oh why!
 For one Offenders Guilt, my impious Brothers Crimes,
 Multall *Troy* perish! I have an Aged Father,
 His hoary Head white as the Mountain Snow.
 I have fifty Brothers too, the numerous Off-spring
 Of a blest genial Bed, all my own Veins;
 Part of my Life, and dearer then my own.
 Must they all Dye? Is there no Expiation?
 Has the whole ransack't World not one rich Sacrifice
 To Court your Heav'n, and Seal the Peace of *Troy*?
 'Tis don'! my Prayers are hear'd! my Heart's inspired,
 And dances with unusual Bounds of Joy. 'Tis so!
 My Brain divines; the Goddess comes, and see.

The Silver Beames of her descending Glory
 Dart through the Roof of the illumin'd Dome ;
 The lanquid Tapers lose their sacred Light,
 The Jems, the Riches, of the holy Shrine
 All lost in a superior Lustre. Ha ! 'tis she.
 The fair chaste Deity her self ; the Immortal Presence
 Strikes my weak sense, and bends me to the Earth.

Diana descends in a Chariot.

Diana. Look up *Cassandra*,
 A Virgin's Prayer can call down Heav'n to hear her.
 Thy heavy Plaints have mov'd the pitying Gods
 To moderate, tho' not revoke thy Sentence.
 My Brothers Doom against thee stands irrevocable,
 Thou must speak Truth, but never be believ'd.
 Though yet in Fate remains one only way
 To save the destin'd *Troy* from Flames and Ruin :
 Of which in Pity to thy Labouring Pangs,
Diana warns thee now. There's yet one Expiation,
 One Sacrifice will yet atone the Gods.

Cass. Oh speak Celestial maid ! Name, name the Victim,
 And Crown it with a Thousand floury Garlands.

Diana. Hear then what's fixt in Fate, and ask no more.
 If a fair Virgin born of Royal Race
 Shall like a second *Iphigenia* yeild
 Her pious Breast up to the Grecian swords,
 And falls their Bleeding Victim, then that single
 Atonement shall appease the Wrath of Heav'n,
 Reverse the Doom of *Troy*. But if refused
Troy's Doom is seal'd for ever.

Cass. Then bright Mercy. [The Goddess reascends.
 Thus I rise up from my low Bed of Tears,
 And with a Face all blooming o'er with Joy
 Stand the erected Pillar of my Country,
 And thus look up to thank the Generous Gods.
 Yes my dear *Troy*, and dearer Father, Brothers, Sisters,
 And all *Troy's* thousand Lives, there is one Sacrifice,
 A Virgins Breast — Oh 'tis a Glorious Victim !
 Timbrels and Flutes, and all the Ayrs of Joy ;
 A hundred *Io Peans* sing before me !
 Nor the pleas'd World alone — If your Bright Heav'ns
 Haye Musick in their Spheres, tune, tune 'em now !

The

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For Oh to stop the Universal Grave,
The blest *Cassandra* shall her Country save.
But where's my Robes of Glory ! Where's the Virgins
To dress me gay in all my Nuptial Pride.
For Oh, I go, oh the Immortal Joy !
A Smiling Bride to Wed the Peace of *Troy*. [Exit.]

A C T . III.

S C E N E the flat Pallace.

Enter *Cassandra*, *Astianax*, *Selena*, and *Acestes*.

Ast. Methinks, Dear Aunt, there's an Unusual Smile
M Sits on your Cheeks I never saw before !

Cass. No, sweet *Astianax* ?

Ast. From what strange Cause
Are all these Looks of Joy !

Cass. Can I want Joys
When I but look on thee ; to think I have rais'd
One virtuous Branch from *Priam's* sickly Root.
Can I be less then pleas'd and charm'd see,
Thy Manly Soul out-strip thy Infant Years.
Thou best fair hope of *Troy*.

Ast. These Joys for Me !
No, Madam, no ; Me you see every day :
Nor need you wonder at my forward Spring,
When warm'd to Virtue by Divine *Cassandra*. —
No, there's some other Caufe for all these Smiles :
May I not know that Cause, and share your Joys ?

Cass. I prithee do not ask it.

Ast. Why ?

Cass. Perhaps 'tis more —

Ast. Then You dare trust me with. Is this young Breast

Too weak a Cabinet, or too unworthy ?

Cass. Nay, say not so, *Astianax*.

Ast. I must think so,

When you have Joys you can conce I from me.

Besides to go abroad at this late hour,

And neither tell me where, nor take me with you,

Is so unkind —

Cass. Alas,

Cass. Alas, my sweet *Aesonax*,
I am going to perform an Evening Sacrifice
To appease the Gods, and stop the fate of *Troy*.

Ast. Nay, take me with you then : I can pray too.
Young tho' I am I know there's a high Heav'n,
The Pow'r's that light the Day, and rule the World :
And taught by you my Knees can bend like yours ;
Do, take me with you then.

Cass. No more, Young Prince ;
You press too far.

Ast. Nay, then I'll ask no more.

Cass. Here, good *Acestes*, and the kind *Selena*,
For your long faithful Services, I'll trust you
With this Rich Jewel, the best Wealth of *Troy*.
Here take him to your Care, protect him, cherish him ;
Guard him more dearly then your Lives.

Ast. Hold Madam
You are not taking sure so long a Journey
That you need leave so strict a Charge behind ye.
What need they Cherish me when I have you
My kind Protectress ?

Acest. If those faithful Services
You are pleas'd to find in us, deserve this Favour,
Let me once more upon my bended Knees,
Implore that Suit you have so long denyed me :
I love the fair *Selena*, and I think
She hates not me : Oh give her to my Arms !
And Crown our Nuptial Joys.

Cass. I must confess
That Suit I have long denyed thee. But believe me
It was my Love denyed thee. This dear Favourite
I prize too high to lose.

Acest. Wou'd she be lost,
Were she made mine ! No, that wou'd rather bind us
If possible, more zealous to your Service.
The Crowning of our Loves wou'd cheer our Duty,
No Knee too low to bend to such a Mistress.

Cass. *Acestes*, no ; when thine, she's mine no more.
Nought but a Virgin Train attends *Cassandra*.
However, to reward your faithful Loves,
Wait but the Hour till I am call'd to Heav'n
Then take the little Wealth I leave behind me
A Dowry with her Love, and seal her thine.

Selen. Oh let me kiss the Earth on which you tread

To

To pay my Thanks to so Divine a Goodness.

Acest. Must my slow Joys wait till she's call'd to Heav'n !
She's half there already : Some kind Mercury
Post down and fetch the other half.

Cass. Here, *Selena*,
. Take this young Charge once more. But when I give him thee,
Let me bequeath him with one parting Kiss,
And one soft falling Tear.

Ast. This is too kind.

Cass. Good night, my sweet *Astianax*. —
Oh 'tis a long long Night ! A Night ! Ah, no,
A long Immortal Day — Yes, great *Diana*,
'Tis there I go to shine in endless Joy,
An Orient Light to guild the Crown of *Troy*.
But oh that Angel Innocence !

The only Charm

[looking back to *Astianax*

That draws me back to Earth ! A long farewell.

For one Look more let my weak Eyes turn back.

I must look down from Heav'n the next I take.

[Exeunt severally]

S C E N E the Grecian Camp.

Enter at one Door *Phorbas* at the Head of a Party of Guards, as a
Night Watch. Enter at the other Door *Ulysses*.

Phor. Stand, who comes there.

Ulyss. A Friend !

Phorb. My Lord *Ulysses* ?

Ulyss. Phorbas !

How hast thou past the Night ?

Phor. As Vigilance

And Zeal should pass it, Sir, thus nobly posted

The Guards of sleeping Majesty.

Ulyss. Sleeping Majesty ?

Do's the Immortal Jove sleep o'er his Forge of Thunder ?

Is this a sleeping time for a Crown'd Head

So near his finish't Vengeance ! When before

The Sands of one more Midnight Glass is run,

Troy's Head shall shine wrapt round with *Grecian* Fires.

But see the King.

Enter Menelaus.

King. Oh my best Friend and Champion,
How am I Charm'd to think thy Glorious Counsels
Now draw so nigh their Executing Blow?
When wild Ambition strikes with th' Arm of Fate,
The dire Destroyer sure some Pity takes
Of the too Barbarous streaming Wounds he makes.
But when Revenge Burns, Massacres, Destroys,
It gives me Raptures; mine are Bridegroom's Joys.

Ulyss. Yes, Sir, The Glorious Hymeneal Night draws on,
When Troy's bright Ruin, and your brighter Vengeance
Join in one Blazing Nuptial Fire—Before
The Morning Star Rise twice —

King, Troy sets for ever.

Enter Neoptolemus.

Neopt. Great Sir, Your Guards have seiz'd a Trojan Spy;
A Female Wanderer, stol'n by the Covert
And Shroud of Night ev'n to your Royal Tent.
Her Name she won'd conceal; but her known Face
Speaks her the Virgin Prophetess of Troy.

King. The fair Cassandra! Bring her to our Presence:
That Divine Maid, she whose ev'n single Virtue
Bears that Immortal Price, enough, if possible,
T'atone the guilt of Troy, and save her sinking!
Is she the Spy so near us?

Enter Cassandra Guarded.

Royal Virgin,
This Treacherous Visit at this Midnight Hour,
Is it an Office worthy of the Veins,
Or Virtue of Cassandra?

Cass. Worthy Both.
To shield a Father and betray a Foe,
And save a Bleeding Country, is an Office
Worthy the Veins of Gods: And 'tis the Glory
Of Priam's Daughter, that this mighty Work
She has this Night perform'd.

Ulyss. Hast thou perform'd it!

Cass. Beyond my very Wish. Thy Plots, great Statesman,

Thy

Thy Arts, thy Engines, now lye all before me.
 Whither by *Troy's* protecting Genius led,
 Or what Diviner Guide, I have penetrated
 Int' all thy dark Cabals, your whole false Face of Peace,
 Your feign'd Retreat, and your returning Fury.
 But Oh ! I fly, dear *Troy*, thy blest Deliverer ;
 Nor think the Infidel World shall now be Deaf
 To th' unbeleiv'd *Cassandra*—No, I'll preach Heav'n no more,
 I'll give them Earthly Reasons, Demonstration,
 Proof, Ocular Proof. I'll Court their Ears no more,
 But give their Eyes my Oracles.

King. Hold, *Cassandra* ;
 Thy Transport runs too far. Thou sing'st thy Triumph
 Before thou hast half Conquer'd — Do'st thou not know
 Thy Life is my Hands ?

Ulyss. A Life so Forfeited !
 A Spy ! A Midnight Theif ! That Abject Thing !
 That Honour, Justice, the whole Law of Arms
 Has not even one Poor single Beam of Mercy
 To save thee from thy Fate.

King. Know'st thou all this,
 Yet, talk'st with such an Emphasis !

Cass. I know

My Life is in thy Pow'r. This Dang'rous Spy,
 A Grave indeed may hush. But if I live
Troy lives ; her guarded Safety, shielded Glory :
 Yes King, thy baffled Hopes, discover'd Mines,
 And all thy whole defeated Vengeance—

King. Now I can hear no more — Begone — away with her.
 Yet hold, Officious Slaves.

Ulyss. How Sir !

King. Where am I going !

Ulyss. To punish Treason, check insulting Insolence,
 And do a Noble Justice to your Self
 And all Mankind.

King. Ah no, *Ulysses* :
 What will the World say of me !

Ulyss. Say, Sir !

King. When I shall dip my too unmanly Vengeance
 In a poor Virgin's Blood. Stain'd with that Crimson,
 Those Veins, those Virtues, that all Angel Piety
 My too ignoble Sacrifice !

Cass. Oh King,
 I read a melting Pity in thy Eyes,

And thou wilt bid me Live.—Thou generous Enemy,
In Gratitude for such a Gift as Life,
I'll pay thee back thy Thanks, in thy —Confusion.
Yes, my Dear Troy, 'tis not a Bribe of Life,
Nor Lure of Mercy, that can draw me off
From thy Protection ; and thy Foes Destruction.—
No, King, hither I came thy Sworn Destroyer,
And must return without one shrinking Nerve.
In the great Cause that brought me : *Troy's bright Head*
Shall be, uprais'd above thy feeble Vengeance,
And the low Grecian Shame trod down to Dust.

King. By all my Glories, this Illustrious Bravery,
Thy dauntless Courage and unshaken Loyalty,
Have set thee fairer in my dazled Eyes,
Than all my Charms of Vengeance. *Troy in Flames,*
And dying *Helen's Groans*, not half the Musick
Of such all charming Virtue.—Hast, away with her.

Ulyss. Yes, Slaves, to Death, to Death.—

King. No, black *Ulysses*,
To Liberty and Life.

Ulyss. What says the King !

King. What a King's Honour says. Take this fair Charge,
And Guard her as you would your darling Lives,
Back to her *Troy*, safe to her Fathers Arms.

Ulyss. Oh Sir ! What blind Infatuation Reigns,
To let such Danger live.

King. By all thy Fears
She lives and lives Immortal,

Ulyss. Oh consider—
To save that Life !

King. Be thou thy self her Judge.
What has she done that can deserve to dye ?
She loves her Country, hates her Enemies,
Would save a Father, Guard her Native Kingdom,
As thou and I, and all great Souls wou'd do.
Oh Statesman ! Statesman ! Were thy poorer Veins,
But to one Spark of such true Glory born,
How wou'dst thou Copy that Divine Original ?

Ulyss. Oh Sir ! You wander from your Darling safety.
If Death's a Fate too gentle, keep her safe
Immur'd in Chains, secur'd in Shades and Darkness.

King. Her Chains, vile Chains ! Nor Jayls nor Graves, Barbarian,
Free as the Air, and unconfin'd as Light,
By all my Hopes, not one rude Hand shall touch.

A single Hair of that Celestial Head.

Cass. Now *Troy* thou art lost Indeed ! — Oh great *Diana*
Where's now the Virgin Sacrifice !

Ulyss. Yet Sir, Wake !

Wake from this fond Lethargick Dream of Honour,
And steer by Natures great Original Law,
Your own dear Preservation.

King. Ev'n those Laws

Protect her sacred Life. I tell thee, hungry Blood-hound,
Ev'n Policy it self, wou'd save that Life,
For Oh the Guilt of that fair suffering Virtue
Would set more Barrs to my defeated Cause,
And arm the Gods more fatally against me,

Then her protected Life can do :

Then in my own Defence I bid her Live.

Yes, Glorious Heroine, go thy Country's Champion;
A Crowns Protectress, and thy *Troy*'s Defender ;
Wake all her Guardians, thou their leading Light :
Arm thou thy Gods, and I'le trust mine, *Cassandra*.

Cass. Oh King ! this wondrous Honour has undon me,
I am sav'd, and *Troy* is lost. Oh poor *Cassandra* !

Where's all thy Virgins ! Where's thy Robes ! Where's now

The floury Garlands for thy nuptial Brow !

Sables and Shade are now thy only Pride,

A Mourning Widow, not a smiling Bride.

Oh my dear Country ! Poor hard fated *Troy* !

To this sick Heart what Torments dost thou give,

When 'tis all Pain, all Wounds, all Death to Live.

[Exit;

Ulyss. Was this well don ?

King. So well, that even

The single Merit of this glorious Justice
Shall draw all Heav'n a Champion in my Cause ;
Till my keen Vengeance cuts the *Trojan* Graves,
And ev'n destroys where fair *Cassandra* saves.

[Exeunt.

The Scene opens and discovers Paris and Helen seated upon Thrones between the Scenes ; &c. In the middle of the Scenes, and under the second Grand-Arch, a painted Curtain hangs down to the Ground, reaching upwards only thirteen Foot and the like in width, the whole Prospect of the Roof of the Scenes being seen about Eleven Foot over it. — Before this Curtain, upon two Rich Couches, lye two painted Cupids as big as the Life.

Par. Now

Par. Now my fair Helen, whilst the kneeling Trojans
 Pay their cold Rites to their great Virgin Deity,
 To th' Amorous God our warmer Joys we'll pay :
 Th' Immortal Boy, great Love, reigns Lord to day.

Here a Symphony playes, and immediately the two Cupids start from their Couches, and flying up, take hold of the upper Corners of the Curtain and draw it up ; two more Cupids of the same Bulk absconded before behind the Couches rising with the Curtain at the two lower Corners.

Here is discovered a small set of Scenes, being 12 Foot high, and the like Breadth, consisting of three pair of Wings, and a flat Scene; the Object being a Pallace of Cupid, with Blue Pillars, with Silver Bases and Capitals, hung round with Wreaths of Flowers, the inner Prospect terminating in Bowers, Fountains, &c.

The Symphony still continuing, out of this set are drawn forth on each side, two more sets of Scenes exactly Unison with the Inner set, the first set being no ways diminisht, and the whole three Prospectives now reaching to Twenty five Foot width. Here the Curtain advances yet higher, and discovers a fourth set of Scenes, over the middle set, in which Cupid sits in Glory ; while from the sides of this set spring two Scenes, which cover the two outmost Pallaces. This Machine now filling the whole House, and reaching 24 Foot high, making so many Vista's of Pallace-Work.

Cupid's Song.

SE E bere my Quiver, see my Darts ;
 See here the Sovereign Lord of Hearts :

Love fills an Universal Throne ;

'Tis I that Reign alone,

Alone,

The Young and Old, all bow their Knee,

The whole World bends to me,

To me.

O're Kings below and Gods above,

'Tis I the Empire boast ;

Twas I that dubb'd Almighty Jove,

The first great Knight of the Toast.

'Tis

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'Tis I make War; 'tis Peace I sign;
The Ties of Hearts and Souls are mine,
I rouse the Hero, give th' Alarms;

'Tis I that call to Arms,

To Arms.

But when the Nymph's in triumph led,
Oh then I call to Bed.

To Bed.

Nor wonder that a Pow'r so strong,

My blooming Tears enjoy!

The God of Wit is always Young,

And loveth' immortal Boys.

C H O R U S.

To Love we'll sing, great Love to Thee:
All humane Race must bend a Knee:
Love do's the whole Creation move,
And all Mankind's the Work of Love.
The Great, the Fair, the Rich, the Poor,
Love Natures Lord must all adore:
Let You the Worlds proud Scepter sway;
Love finds him Subjects to obey.

A Dialogue between a Mother and a Daughter.

Moth. I Charge ye Daughter once agen,
To fly those dangerous things call'd Men.

Daugh. And why so dang'rous, tell me why;
Where, Mother, do's the danger lie?

Moth. O Child! they cheat, deceive, betray,
A thousand treacherous Arts they play,
And all to steal your Hearts away.

Daugh. Are Men those Thieves? I'le ne'er believe you,
What need they Rob, or Steal, or Thieve,
Those Hearts which we are so free give?

Moth. You know not Man so well as I,
Dear Child, from that destroyer fly:

Daugh. Can Men those dreadful Creatures be,
That we poor frightened Maids should flee
•I hope my Father was a Man,
And had your self so frightened ran,

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I am sure you had ne're had me.

Moth. But that false Sex, their treacherous Smiles,
Decoying Snares, deluding Wiles.

Daugh. No Mother, no, those Shams won't do,
I'll fear a man no more than You.

Par. How faintly do these languid Pleasures Charm,
'Tis only those fair Eyes my Soul can Warm.
From Feasts of airy Sounds and empty Noise,
Oh let's retire to more substantial Joys!
Farewel thou Pageant God, and painted Throne,
Immortal Love is in these Arms alone.

[Exeunt]

A C T IV.

The Scene, A Prospect of the Town of Troy, being seen in Perspective thro' a Magnificent Structure extending to the Roof of the House, being a circular Piece of Painting in the manner of a large Portico, through the Pillars of which is seen the Town of Troy.

Enter Paris.

Par. Why does Love cool, and long Enjoyment tire,
Whilst a full Glut of Joys puts out the Fire?
Love in my Breast knows no such poor Decay,
Warm as the Spring, in its high Noon, still Gay;
My Ten Years Bliss makes but one Nuptial Day.

Enter to him Cassandra.

Cass. If Troy must Burn, before its blazing Funeral
I'll ring one last, tho' almost hopeless, Larum-bell
To him whose fatal Hand must light the Fire-brand.

[Aside]

Par. Is that Eternal Torment here?

Cass. Yes, Paris, close as thy dark Fate I follow thee.

Par. Were thou then born to haunt me? Let me ask
But Reason of thee. Why am I singl'd out
To hear thy Persecuting Follies?
Why, when the whole World laugh at thy Mad Fables,

[Dost]

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Dost thou hope Faith from me?

Cas. Thou, and that World
That will not hear my Oracles, shall feel 'em :
For, if there's Truth in Heav'n —

Par. Fye, *Cassandra* ;
Still the old Frenzy ! Nothing but Heav'n,
Rapt up in Stars and Skies ! For Shame no more on't.

Cass. Thou foolish Infidel ! Think'st thou I pay
No greater Reverence, or so little Fear,
To the immortal Pow'rs, to jest with their Divinity.

Par. All Noise and empty Sound ; the Chattering
Of Daws, and Parrots.

Cass. How, bold Blasphemer ! Then 'tis time to right
The injur'd God's, and give thy dazled Eyes
A Proof of that Divinity thou prophan'st.

Par. That were a Sight indeed !

Cas. Look then all round thee.
Seest thou those Tow'rs, the proud Arch'd Roofs of Troy,
And those tall Spires that almost kis the Clouds ?
Seest thou all this ?

Par. See What ? The Town of Troy ?
Tow'rs and stone Walls ? If this be the Divinity, I see no Danger
Of being o'er-much dazl'd.

Cas. Those proud Tow'rs,
Your whole Foundation, I command ye vanish ;
And in your vacant Seats, the whole transplanted
Hesperian Garden fill the Walls of Troy.

Cassandra waves her Wand, and in a moment the whole Prospect of Painting representing Troy is snatch'd away, and a Garden, with Fountains, Arbors, Golden Fruit, &c. fill up the whole Scene.

Cas. To make my Heav'nly Pow'r yet fairer shine,
Appear my Airy Train in Forms divine :
Bring down a Choir of Musick from your Spheres :
And with new Wonders strike his startl'd Ears,

Flora enters and her Nymphs, who perform a piece of Vocal Musick directed to Paris ; And then a Dance.

A Song of Flora and her Nymphs.

Flor. **F**lora calls, where, where's my Train;
Every Nymph and every Swain?

Nymph. When that commanding Voice we hear,
Dread Sovereign, we appear.

Flor. Say Nymphs, how burns Loves fragant Fire?

Nymph. All Innocence, and chaste Desire.

Flor. Where is't that Truth and Virtue dwells?

Nymph. Not in proud Courts, but humble Cells.

The Woods, the Plains, the Bow'r, the Grove,

Those Scenes of Innocence and Love;

There in endless Joys we Reign;

Loves pleasure all without the pain.

We fear no starting Dreams; nor dread

The Bolts hang o'er the Adulterer's Head.

We keep the Tyrant Conscience under,

The Gods we fear, but not their Thunder.

Degenerate World, what art thou grown,

When thus the Cott can shame the blushing Throne?

Cass. Say, will this Sight convert thee? Dost thou yet
Believe Cassandra speaks from Heav'n?

Par. Yes, Sister!

Thou hast nobly feasted both my Eyes and Ears;
And to do Justice to the great performance,
I own thou art the Mistress of thy Art.

Thou, like the sweating Chymist at the Fire,
That blows the Bellows for the great Elixir,
Hast not lost all thy Toil; thou'rt found the Brass,

In searching for the Gold. Thy ten Years Drudger
To grasp the Prophetess, has gain'd the Juggler.

This airy Tapstry-Work's artful and pretty,
Ingenious to a Wonder. But wise Sister,

Mend, mend thy Politicks; light thy wandring Fires
To lead poor Fools. Go practice thy Delusions

On empty Heads, who've room enough to swallow'em.

Cass. What says the black Impenitent! — Nay then
Ye great Eternals, you that hold the Bolts

To strike the insolent Blasphemer dead.

Be your own Champions, right your injur'd Godheads:
Appear the whole bright Majesty of Heav'n;

And flash Amazement through his trembling Soul.

Here

Here Cassandra makes a second Change, the whole Garden being in a moment vanish'd, and the Prospect fill'd up with a view of Heav'n, in which the whole Hierarchy of the Heathen Gods, with all their several Chariots, Palaces in the Air, &c. A new piece of Musick is perform'd, directed as before, to Paris.

The Vocal Musick.

Hold, hold, yet hold, mad Boy,
Stop, stop, the Fall of Troy :
Hold, hold, mad Phaeton,
Drive no more headlong on.
Tumbled and swallow'd all,
Death and Graves wait thy fall.
All the Gods,
Boles and Rods,
Every Shaft, every Dart,
Strikes at the Adulterer's Heart.
Down in the dark Abyss of Hell,
Where the Damn'd Groan, and Furies yell,
Lust lights the hottest Brand of Hell.

Cass. Now Paris, where's the Infidel? Has all
This bright descending Glory not one Beam
T'uncloud thy shaded Sense?

Par. This is indeed amazing!
And my weak Eyes shrink at the dazzling view.
But why this Strange Surprize! Miracles!
Magick and Negromance.—Witches and Sorcerers
In their dark Cells can call down Heav'n ; command
Their Elements, their Winds, their Air, their Seas ;
Whilst those tame Powr's that shou'd command the Universe
Obey th' Infernal Call.—And shall thy weak Enchantments.—

Cass. Nay, now appear the whole black Band of Hell.
Appear ye Furies ; all the dreadful Ministers
Of ever burning Justice ; you that finish
The God's imperfect Vengeance : Their weak Thunder
Stricks but at once, and gives a Minute's Death,
Your keener Fires for endless Ages kill ;
And make ev'n Death Immortal — Rise, appear,
Bring all the Horrors of the Infernal Fires
That wait his Sinking Soul.

Waves her Wand, and in a Moment changes the Heaven to a Transparent Scene of Hell. Here a Piece of Instrumental Musick is perform'd, and a Dance of Furies arising from under the Stage.

Cass. Say, *Paris*, now, Is still thy harden'd Heart
Impenetrable Rock? Has neither Heav'n nor Hell,
The Glories nor the Shades I've set before thee,
One Tongue to tell thee, the inspir'd *Cassandra*
Speaks with the Voice of Fate? Oh *Paris!* *Paris!*
Let ev'n thy own weak Arguments confute thee.
Were all the Glories I have rais'd before thee
Thy own Vain Dreams, no more but Empty Air;
Think'it thou the Gods wou'd suffer ev'n their Shadows
To be prophan'd by Treason and Imposture?
A false and lying Prophetess? No, *Paris*,
To call the Thund'rers down in that black Name,
Wou'd call the Thunder too, and only open
Those yawning Graves for th'impious Head that rais'd em:
No, Wanderer, no; when my commission'd Pow'r
Can call down Heav'n t'unblind thy darken'd Eyes,
Think 'tis a Grace from the descending Gods
To call thee back to Life; to Life; my Brother!
Whil'st their kind Heav'n's stretch forth an Arm of Mercy.
Ev'n yet to save thee Sinking.

Par. Oh, my Sister!
Take all these Terrors from my staggering Soul,
And give me Back my Peace.

Cass. Give thy self Peace,
Thy own Physician, pour the Healing Balm
Into thy Sickning Soul. Return to Virtue,
Take that bless'd Cordial for thy Sov'reign Cure;
Think how the Gods present thee Life or Death;
Their endless Joys, or everlasting Pains.
Return, Return.—Oh! let the Sight of these Devouring Flames
Thy unrepented Sins eternal Portion,
Wake thee to Sense, and drive thee back to Honour.
But, if Eternal Torments cannot fright thee,
If 'tis a worthless Care to save a Soul;
Save thy poor Country, save thy bleeding Family,
All lost by thee. Nay, if the Tyes of Nature,
A Father, Brothers, Sisters, a whole Kingdom,
Their bleeding Throats, can't melt thee into Pity:

Save thy own bleeding Honour; guard thy Name
From never-dying Infamy.—Oh! think
How deathless Ages in their blotted Annals
Must brand the Shame of that lascivious Boy,
Whose wanton Fire drew down the Flames of Troy!

Par. Go on, thou lovely Guide! Lead me to Life;
For, oh! there's wondrous Glory shines before thee.

Cass. Come then, my Brother, see the Gates of Mercy,
Stand open to receive thee! Quit but that
Vile load of Earth that holds thee back from Heav'n,
Shake off the Impions Charms that have undone thee.

Par. Quit my fair Helen! Oh that killing Sound!
'Tis Daggers, Death, and Graves! I cannot bear it.

Cass. Oh! never fear that Pain! The gracious Gods
Will never bless by Halves. To thy Conversion
The'll give thee a new Soul, give thee new Joys;
Make thee look back with all that Shame and Horror
On that vile Sorceress, her Charms so loath'd.—
All this the Gods will do. They'll study Blessings
To Crown such Penitence.

Par. No more, my Conqueror:
Thou hast won the glorious Field: Lawrels and Triumph!

Enter Helen.

Hel. Lord of my Life, my Love, I come to chide thee.
So long a Truant? —Confusion! Horror!
What do I see?

Par. What see'st thou, Helen? Thou behold'st my Fate,
The Price of Sin and Death.

Hel. Mercy forbid!

Par. Ay, Mercy, Helen; 'tis eternal Mercy,
Can only snatch me from these swallowing Fires.
Oh Helen! Helen! these devouring Blood-hounds,
All keen and hungry for their Prey, hunt me.
So close, that Heav'n and thou can't only save me.

Hel. And can I save my Paris?

Par. Yes; 'tis thou
Must aid the lab'ring Gods; for oh, hard Fate!
To save me, thou must lose me.

Hel. Lose my Paris!

Par. For ever lose me. The too angry Pow'r's
Have set those beauteous Eyes the ouly Bar
'Twixt their bright Joys and Me. Alas! my Helen,

That

That Bar remov'd can only give me Heav'n.

Hel. Are then these Eyes thy Fate?

Par. Mine, and a Kingdom's Fate.

Not me alone, but my whole Royal Blood,
And all the *Trojan Lives*, a long Divorce
From those destroying Charms can only save.

Hel. Oh killing sounds!

Cass. Take heed my Brother,
There's Danger in that Tongue

Par. Alas! my Sister;
Fear not thy Convert. I'm the Hero now,
And Dangers must not shake me.

Hel. Yes, my *Paris*.
The angry Gods shall be Obey'd.
Shall *Helen*,
Shall I debar thee Heav'n? Ah no! I'll take
The fair Destroyers, these too fatal Eyes,
For ever from thy sight.

Par. Oh that dire Word!
For ever we must part!

Hel. Nay, my dear *Paris*,
Disturb not the soft Peace 'twixt Heav'n and thee
For such a worthless Outcast from thy Arms.
Rather than give thee ev'n a Moments Pain
For such a trifling Los, forget that ever
I had Eyes or Charms to please. Let not one Scene
Of a whole Ten Years Joys be ever remembered.
Nay, and to make the Los yet lighter still,
Think that I never lov'd.

Par. Not lov'd! Nay, *Helen*,
Wrong not fair Truth. Ev'n th' angry Pow'r's that part us
Hate Falshood more than they hate thee. Our very Enemies,
The unkind Gods, and all these lowring Furies,
Ev'n when they tear thee from my Soul, must do thee
That Noble Right, to tell Recording Ages
Thy Sex ne'er lov'd like thee.

Hel. That we have lov'd
Is all but Yesterday. The fatal Morrow comes,
When we must Love no more.

Cass. Yet Guard thy Heart
From that fair *Syren*'s Songs.

Par. 'Tis safe my Sister,
I think — I hope — 'tis safe

Hel. Go then my *Paris*
Be both thy own and thy dear *Troy*'s Protector.

Do,

Do, save thy Country, save thy bleeding Troy,
Save all, but poor lost me.—Oh Paris! Paris!
When to the Lord of all my Joys, to these
Dear Eyes, these Arms, to all that's Love or Life,
I bid at once eternally farewell;
Think (if I am worth a Thought) how I shall drag
This Load of living Earth, a forlorn Wanderer,
Around the hated World! —A Wanderer? No,
That were to walk in the bright Beams of Light
And the blest smiling Sun? No! Light and Day
When I lose Heav'n and thee, must all be shut
To Helen's dying Eyes.

Par. Nay, these too tender Plaints—

Hell. All wrapt in shade,
Night, Everlasting Night! In some lone Cave
Dark as Despair, and Silent as the Grave
There my lost Head I'll hide, There stretch'd on the
Hard Ground (for Earth must be my Pillow now)
The Child of Woe, and Heir of Misery,
Cold as a Marble Monument I'll lie,
All a true weeping Marble.

Par. Nay, my Helen!

Rack not thy gentle Peace, 'tis too hard Pennance.

Hel. 'Tis all too easie; when I lose my Paris,
Lose what's more dear than Life, can I feel less than all
The Pangs of bleeding Death, the Racks and Tortures
Of two divided Souls? —But Oh! I sink
Beneath the killing Thought.

[Swoons and falls into Paris's Arms.]

Par. Ye Gods! she Faints!

Look up, my lovely Mourner.—

Cas. Hold, yet hold,
Touch not that fair Pollution.

Par. Fye Cassandra!
Tho' I'm forbid to Love, the Pow'rs that part us,
Deny not Charity. You see she sinks
Beneath her fatal Griefs, and I but lend
A pitying Hand to prop the falling Ruins.

Hel. And do I wake in these dear Arms once more?

Par. To save a Life, my Helen.

Hel. No, my Paris!

Here let me Dye; here, in this Bed of Roses,
Stiffl'd with Sweets, breath out my parting Soul.
The cruel Gods will not deny me dying
In these dear Arms where I must live no more.

Part Q

Par. O live for ever, ever there!

Cas. Horror and Death!

What says the black Apostle?

Par. In these Arms

She lives for ever.

Cas. Oh! thou barbarous Traytor,
To all that's Truth and Heav'n!

Par. No; Thou more barbarous Rebel

To all that's Truth and Love; not all thy Art

Shall tear her from my Soul, my Blood, and Heart.

Yes, rally all your Negromantick Spells,

Your airy Visions, and your painted Hells:

Down grinning Shades, down to your gloomy Cells,

There in your footy Dungeons howling lye,

Before these Charms, your scatter'd Phantoms fly.

[Exit with Helen in his Arms.]

Cas. Is all my Pow'r in Vain? No hope to save thee?

O headstrong fin, what Guide can set thee Right,

When neither Heav'n can Charm, nor Hell can Fright.

[Exit.]

A C T . V .

Enter Cassandra.

" *Cass.* Now *Paris* clasp thy wretch'd *Helen* in thy Arms:

" " Be wanton, revel in Despair and Horror.

" At length th' affrighted God of lawless Love,

" Forsakes his Empire in her Heart, and now

" A grinning Fury tyrannizes there.

Nay *Paris* too's the *Gorgon* that affrights hers

No interval of Peace, when he's in view.

Oh great *Diana*, this blest Change was thine

Be kinder still, compleat thy Works divine.

[Exit.]

Enter Acestes.

Acest. Why must I live on a Camelion Feast,
The empty hopes of Love! When Heav'n has call'd her,
Cassandra's Wealth, and my *Selena*'s Charms,
Are both my own.— To be thus doubly blest,
What if I hasten the low call of Heav'n?—

Ah

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Ah no ; such black Ingratitude—Ingratitude !
For what ? To make her Bless'd ! Crown her own Wishes,
Eas'd of that Earth that clogs her mounting Wings
And give her all the darling Heav'n, she longs for !
Besides I strike with an encourag'd Hand.
The Royal Paris Wrongs her death demand—
But for a Stroke to hush the jealous World—
Ay, that's a Thought, — Let me consider—
She keeps an Image, drest in flowing Gold,
A Thing she calls the statue of Diana.
Here every morning on her bended Knees,
The hallow'd Robe, first kiss'd with Adoration,
She pays her Orisons to the Moulten Deity—
That Kiss shall seal her Fate :
Her Lips but toucht such penetrating Fumes
Shall catch her firing Brain, till wild as Winds or Seas,
Her roving Madness tow'r's above the Skies.
Thus by the unsuspected World t'will be beleiv'd,
She dies in the same Frenzy that she liv'd.

[Expt.

Enter Helen attended by Women as rising from Sleep.

“ Hel. Where have I been ! What Horrors have I seen !
“ Oh my distracting Dream !
“ Wom. Pray Madam, be composed ? what has disturb'd you ;
“ Hel. Methought
“ I was a Captive made to Menelaus ;
“ Who hurried me aboard a Grecian Ship,
“ Fast bound in Chains to visit Greece again ;
“ Vowing Revenge — As we were under Sail
“ A dread'nl Storm, methought, o'er cast the Sky.
“ The whistling Winds blew hard, the Billows roar'd :
“ The Heav'n's were dark. Anon fierce Lightnings flasht,
“ Lending by fits a snatch of dreadful Day.
“ The labouring Barque at random drives, now mounts,
“ To th' Skies, now tumbles to the lowest Shades.
“ The storm-drencht Pilot quits the broken Helm,
“ And holds, unus'd, his trembling Hands to Heav'n,
“ Whilst pale Devotion shriek'd from every Throat,
“ And now, (Oh terrible to Thought !)
“ Our helpless Vessel bulges gainst a Rock,
“ And splits into a thousand Peices.

F

“ Wom.

" Wom. 'Twas Terrible indeed!
 " Hel. As we were ready all to Sink, methought,
 " My Husband dragg'd me by the galling Chains,
 " Enrag'd with dizzy Swiftness down the deep,
 " Till we fell headlong on the Gulph of Hell.—
 " And there (Horror!) methought he swung me by
 " The Hair, to be chastis'd among the Furies,
 " Crying, Take there the foul Adulteress Helen.
 " At this, a Fiend too hideous for Conceit,
 " With violent and horrid Force,
 " Dragg'd me t' a burning Engine to be Tortur'd:
 " Where while the agonizing Pains were on me,
 " A pale, a wan, and ghastly Form, whom they
 " Call'd Conscience, stood, from whose reviling Eyes,
 " Shot forth a thousand Stings, to wound my Soul.
 " Hah!

Enter Paris.

" Par. How fares my Love!
 " What means that Dread, and Terror in thy Looks?
 " Hel. See there! The Fury comes again to Torture me.
 " Look how he Grins, and rowls his fiery Eyes!
 " See how his Nostrils spout forth livid Flames!
 " I cannot bear his pestilential Breath.—
 Par. Distraction all! She knows not me her Paris.
 Cruel Cassandra, this has been thy Work.—
 How fares my Helen? 'Tis thy Paris calls.
 " Hel. Mercy! Oh spare me? Mercy, gentle Fiend?
 " My last afflicting Pains are on me still;
 Whilst Horror and Despair my Bosom fill.

Par. Alas, my presence but distracts her more,—
 Yes, Sorceress, 'tis now thy reigning Hour:
 But thy black Arts shall boast no long-liv'd Pow'r.
 For if thy Light beyond to Morrow shine,
 May the next rising Sun be never mine.

Hel. Ha! Now he's gon, I know that Form too well.
 But Oh hard Thought! Are those the Eyes must Kill?
 Why this distracted Mind! And why, Oh why
 Is thought a Torment! Nature to distinguish
 The Man from Brute gives us a humane Soul,
 Only to furnish out an aching Brain.
 We are Lords of Reason to be Slaves to Pain.

[Sinks down.]

[Exit.]

[Exeunt.]

Enter

(35)
Enter Cassandra meeting Selena.

Cass. Thou look'st amaz'd *Selena*, why that Fright
And Horror in thy Face!

Selen. Oh, Madam!

Never was Night so fatal; the young Prince
Dream't you were Poyson'd; and t' avert the Omen
Of his black Dream, and Guard your precious Life,
Leap't from his Bed, ran to *Diana's Shrine*,
Where he had no sooner kist the hallow'd Robe,
But started into Madness.

Enter Astianax mad, led in by Women.

Ast. Look, look, *Selena*, see my poor dear Father,
See how they drag him round the Walls of *Troy*!
Cowards and Slaves! The mongrel Village Curs
Dare seize on the dead Lyon!

Cass. Poysoners, Impious Poysoners!
This lovely Rose cropt by infernal Hands!
Oh the mad Fury of a barbarous World!

Ast. Ha! Is it you! My Angel Guardian here?

Cass. No more thy Guardian now: A poysoning Ravisher
Has torn thee from my Arms.

Ast. What do I see!
Those dear Eyes weep for me!

Cass. Weep my sweet Martyr!
Rocks wou'd melt for thee: And can the Eyes of Pity
Less then weep Blood, to see such blooming Piety
So Young, so early lost!

Ast. Nay, fy dear Aunt!
Am I too Young for Heav'n? Or shall I come
A Stranger to their Stars? Ah no, they'll know me,
The Nursery of their own divine *Cassandra*!
And are you angry, that for your dear sake
They'll make a little Angel of your Boy!

Cass. The brightest that e'er graced the Starry Throne—
This Blow was levell'd here. But thy sweet Innocence
Stept in to dye for me.—Ye cruel Powrs
This was a change too fatal!

Ast. Oh say not so. If I have sav'd your Life,
The glorious Fame of that one happy Deed
Shall build my Memory a more lasting Monument,

Then had I
 In my great Father's Bed of Honour dyed.
 That Thought ev'n in my little Grave shall cheer me ;
 Thither I find I am going — Where, where are you !
 It grows so Dark all round I cannot see you. —
 No matter I shall go to endless Light ;
 There I shall find new Eyes : And I want none
 To guide my Way to Heav'n.
 Your shining Virtues these lost Lights supply,
 So taught to Live I need not learn to Dye.

[Dies.]

Cass. Farewell, sweet Youth ; go, and my Way prepare.
 Now Troy thou art no longer worth my Care ;
 When by foul Treason such young Virtue dyes,
 What Bolts must wait us in th' avenging Skies !
 The Impious Trojans for Destruction groan ;
 Think Heav'n too slow, and drag its Vengeance down ;
 Thy Ashes, Youth, shall have a dreadful Urn,
 Thee, and proud Troy one Funeral Pile shall burn.

[Exeunt.]

The last S C E N E,

The Town of Troy, being four Ranges of Building, extending to the utmost back of the House. making three several Streets, with each a several back Scene terminating the three Prospects. These Streets are seen through three Gates, Archt nineteen Foot high, with Perculices. Battlements and Urns. The other Buildings twenty six Foot high, some with Rails, Banisters and Statutes, others with Turrets, &c.

Enter the Mob of Troy half Drunk.

1st M. Huzzah, come along Boys to the Sports, Huzzah.

Omnis Huzzah !

2d M. Well, here will be roaring Doings to Night.

3d M. But who's to be at the Charge of all this Fidling and Dancing, we are to have ?

4th M. Why Fool, Lord Paris gives it us all gracious.

2d M. Well,

2d M. Well, but now we are all met lovingly together, as we have been drinking a little Soberly, so let us talk a little Wisely, and e'en lay our Heads together over a Bottle, and settle the Nation.

Omn. Ay, ay, let's settle the Nation!

2d M. Then took you — Here has been ten Years War, and for ought we know here may be twenty Years Peace : What the Devil then made the *Greeks* and the *Trojans* Quarrel ?

1st M. That Devil that makes half the World quarrel ; a Wench, Fool.

2d M. Meaning her Graceless Majesty, Queen *Helen* !

1st M. Ay *Helen*. . Who shou'd I mean but Queen *Helen* ? But you'd have me tell Names, and talk Treason, wou'd ye ? No, I thank you for that I have more Brains than so.

2d, M. Ay I find you have. Oh, that *Helen*, Neighbour, between you and I, if the Truth were known, has done her poor Husdand a great deal of Wrong. But how has he righted himself with all this Killing and Slaying ?

First M. How ! — Like a Man of Honour, Nobly ; Nobly well.

2d M. How Nobly !

2d M. I'll tell you how. She gave him a hard Head, and he has been these ten Years a having it Cudgl'd soft again.

3d M. A hard Head Cudgell'd soft ! very Pretty ; Lord, what an Ingenious World do we live in ?

2d M. But here's another great Question. What may the *Greeks* and *Trojans* have got by this War ?

1st M. Got by War ; why broken Pates, and empty Pockets, what shou'd they get ?

2d M. And is it only for that, they have been all this while a knocking one anothers Brains out ?

1st M. No, Neighbor ; they have not been all this while only a knocking of Brains out ; they have knockt some in too. They have been at Loggerheads so long ; till they have got a little more Wit, and a great deal less Money, and so both sides by consent have e'en drawn stakes, and the Cuckold and Cuckold-maker, are both Friends again.

2d M. If this be all these high Fighters get, why do those great Folks they call Princes make War one with another ?

1st M. Why, Fool ? out of pure Charity !

2d M. Hey day make War out of Charity ?

1st M. Ay Charity, Block-head. Don't ye see they make War to make Cripples, and then they build Hospitals to maintain 'em.

2d M. Ay we know all that. But for what Reason do they make War ?

1st M. Reason for War ? Here's a Dog ; He'd have Reason, for cutting of Throats.

2d M.

(30)

2d M. Nay, nay, I mean for what Cause do they make War?

1st M. Ay now you say something. I'll tell you for what Cause. One of those great Folks you talk of, falls Sick, do ye see, of two Distempers together. First he grows Purse proud; next either Jealousy or Ambition gets into his Head; and then to get himself rid of both those Pestilent Diseases, instead of opening one of his own mad Veins, he opens half a Nations.

3d M. Right, Neighbour. And so they let us Blood for their Cure.

Omnis. Ay, ay, a plain Case, a plain Case.

4th M. But here's another main Thing to be considered. What Trade now will thrive best, this Peace time.

1st M. What Trade, Fool? why the Balladmaker. Oh Neighbours, here will be roaring Work for Sonnet and Madrigal, to sing the Feats of our Noble Sons of Mars.

3d M. Right, Neighbour, to tell the World in Heroick Doggrel, how many Enemies they have kill'd for us in the time of War; and how many Children thy'll get for us in the time of Peace. But hark the Musick's beginning.

Enter a Chorus of Bacchanals.

Bacch. Come, come let us Sing, and merrily troll
The praise of the Vine, and Charms of the Bowl.
Let Jove and his proud Host,
Their immortal Scepter boast,
'Tis the God of the Grape that rules the roast!
All, all to me,
They bend their Knee:
All, all, my own true roaring Boys,
Tune to no other Joys.

Bacch. Have ye heard the Thunder rattle in the Sky,
And seen the nimble Lightning fly,
And wot ye the cause Divine?
The Jolly Jolly Gods drink Wine.
All snug in a jovial tripling Cloud,
They Quaff and they Laugh,
With a ho, ho, ho:
They Quaff and they Laugh so loud;
Little Eolus and Boreas,
And the rest of the Mad Chorus,
They bluster, swagger, and roar:
All a pack of mad Fellows,
They burn, they burn the Bellows;
And thro' the whole House out o' Door.
The Health goes round,
And the Poles rebound;

For

For the Gods they are got
In a merry, merry knot ;
Whilst the blow, and they buff,
They heave and they puff,
And all to take off the Pot.

The CHACON.

O Ur Foes are run,
The Wars are done ;
And all our vanish'd Fears are gone.
Hemm'd in with Peace, wall'd round with Joys,
Stand the unshaken Walls of Troy.
Then come, let's join
Our Ayrs Divine,
In all the Charms of Love and Wine.
On Beds of Flow'rs, in Bow'rs of Bliss,
We'll Drink and Revel, Toy and Kiss.
A smiling Heav'n, and shining Throne,
Love, Love, and Empire, all our own.

A Cry of Fire behind the Scenes.

Enter several Mob running cross the Stage, crying,
[Fire, Fire.]

Enter more Mob.

1st M. Fire, fire, fly, fly ; Oh Neighbours we that are all dead Men,
lets fly, and save our poor Lives. The Greeks are all broken in upon us,
and kill, burn, ravish.—

2nd M. Ha ! the Greeks ! Who the Devil sent for 'em back again ?

1st M. Oh that cursed Horse, that overgrown Wooden Mare has
foal'd a whole Army of bloody minded Redcoats.—

Enter another Trojan.

Troj. Fly ! Fly ! Fly ! The Town's all in a Flame, a whole Sea of Fire
come pouring in upon us, and we shall be all drown'd immediately.

Omnes. Drown'd !

Troj. Ay drown'd, Neighbours, Dround. Fire, Fire, Fire !

Omnes. Fire, Fire.

[Exeunt.]

Here

Here the whole Town takes Fire. The Flames breaking forth through all the Windows, and the whole Battlements blazing with one continued Range of Fire.

Enter Paris.

*Par. Ilium is lost. Jove pours his wrathful Fire :
Against poor Troy all Heav'n and Earth conspire.
A whole arm'd Host, an unexpected Force,
Breaks from the Bowels of yon' fatal Horse.
Nay their whole Pow'r has our lost Walls betray'd,
Entring that Breach our own curs'd Hands have made.
The Bold they Kill, th' Unwary they Surprize :
Who Fights finds Death, and Death finds him that flies.
Some spent with Toyl, and some their Throats to save,
Plunge in the Flames. To shun, they meet a Grave.
And now my Fate comes on. — Why, let it come,
Without one Pang I'll wait th' approaching Doom.
Fire, Swords, and Death fall with an easie Weight :
I have lost my Helen, that's my stroke of Fate.*

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Now Unbeleiver view these blazing Ruins.

Par. Cassandra !

*Cass. Behold thy Country, Father, Brothers, Troy,
All, All thy bleeding Victims, see their Fall,
And tremble at thy own ; their burning Graves,
Not half so hot as thy eternal Fires.
Call to thy Soul, before it groans below,
The dire Remembrance of thy impious Life :
And t' add more Fuel to th' infernal Flames,
Think of thy Poysons.*

Par. Ha !

*Cass. Thy Drugs of Hell,
That sent that murder'd Innocence to Heav'n,
Whose loud tongu'd Blood no common Vengeance calls :
Oh think how heavy that black Murder falls.*

*Paris No more ! No more ! Oh thou hast toucht my Soul !
I dare not see that Face ; it shocks my Frame :
Hide, hide me Graves, I can bear Death, not Shame.*

Cass.

If thou can't Blush! Oh Blush to Heav'n, not me.
dulterer, Murderer, Poysoner; yet tho'
other still; and I have a Sisters Heart.
possible thy Crimes can be forgiven

Tho' thou hast lost Earth, thus let me beg thee Heav'n.
Ye Pow'r's of Mercy, if for one Offenders Guilt
His own, and the whole Trojan Veins all Spilt,
One Beam of Grace with its pacifick Smile
Can your avenging Justice reconcile;
Oh! Do not, do not kill beyond the Grave,
Let his lost Life th' immortal Treasure save.
And thou sweet Martyr, crown'd above the Stars,
Look with my pitying Eyes, and joyn my Pray'r's;
To the eternal Throne bend thy kind Knee,
Forget thy Blood, and beg the Gods, like me.

Par. Oh divine Goodness! Now I am Lost indeed,
'Tis through this only Wound my Soul cou'd Bleed.

Cass. Farewell, prepare to Dye. Thou hast not three
Repenting Minutes left 'twixt Death and Thee,
Forsook by all the World, and only Mourn'd by me.

[Exit]

Par. Thou Oracle of Fate, to thy great Doom I bow,
Not overtook by Death, I'll meet him now.

[Exit.]

Enter Menelaus and Grecians.

Men. [Speaking at his entrance.]
Spare neither Age nor Sex. Fire, Sword, and Blood!
Make the whole Trojan Veins one streaming Flood,
One only Life, snatched from the common Grave,
Save that Celestial Maid, the fair Cassandra save

[Advancing on the Stage.]

Burn out my Blazing Vengeance, burn so Bright,
Till the pale Stars of this Immortal Night
Shrink in their Heads at thy Diviner Light.

Re-enter Paris.

Par. Where is the Fate I'd meet?

King. Traytor, 'tis here.

" Par. What art thou Greek that think'st to look me tame?

King. The weight of this just Arm shall tell thee who I am.

Par. Yes, King, I know that Face of Death too well.

King. Be thy own Prophet, and this Sword thy Oracle.

[Fights and kills Paris]

Par.

G

Par. Thou hast reacht my Heart ; and I have deserv'd it all :
But do not boast a Conquest in my Fall.
This was no equal Combat : No, wrong'd Lord,
Thy Injuries cut deeper then thy Sword.

Helen enters on the Top of a Tower behind the Flames.

Hcl. My *Paris* dead ! On this sad Object fixt,
Eyes look your last. 'Tis *Helen's* Fate comes next.

King. Ha ! Seize the Traytress ; bring her to my Vengeance.
Bring her alive, for Wheels and Racks and Tortures !
Whole Years of Death.

Hcl. No, I defy thy Rage ;
“ My Death shall be Renown'd as *Troy's* long Siege.
“ For me brave *Paris* did create this War.
“ For him alone I liv'd, for him alone was Fair.
But since my Joys in his cold Urn lye dead,
These Curling Flames shall be my last warm Bed ;
“ 'Tis Life to dye for him, and thou shalt see
“ Dying for him is his Revenge on Thee.
Look up then to this Shining Bed of Fire ;
And see the Phenix of the World expire.

[Leaps into the Fire]

King. 'Tis done ; 'tis done ! Oh the Transporting sight !
The Deathless Pleasure of this Glorious Night.
Troy laid in Dust, and these Curst Monsters Slain ;
This one Hour's Joy, rewards my ten Years Pain !

EPILOGUE.

Ladies, to hold you long in Smoak and Fire,
An Epilogue would but your Patience tire.
But tho' our burning *Troy* in Ashes lies ;
If you but smile, you'll make the Phenix rise.
Let our Endeavours your kind Graces win :
Amphion-like, you'll raise new Walls again.

FINIS.

ire]